Baſſ. Deere ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further,
Take ſome remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſſe me farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, ile weare them for your ſake,
And for your loue, ile take this ring from you.
Do not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in loue ſhall not deny me this.
Baſſ. This Ring good ſir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not ſhame my ſelfe to giue you this.
Por. I will haue nothing elſe but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.
Baſſ. There's more then this depends vpon the valew:
The deareſt Ring in Venice I will giue you,
And finde it out by Proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon mee?
Por. I ſee ſir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me firſt to begge, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a begger ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſſ. Good ſir, this Ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor giue, nor looſe it.
Por. That ſcuſe ſerues many men to ſaue their giftes,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deſeru'd the Ring,
She would not hold out enemy for euer,
For giuing it to me: well, peace bee with you. *Exeunt*

An. My Lord *Baſſanio*, let him haue the Ring,
Let his deſeruings and my loue withall,
Be valew'd gainſt your wiues commandement.
Baſſ. Go *Gratiano*, runne and ouertake him,
Giue him the Ring, and bring him if thou canſt
Vnto *Anthonios* houſe, away, make haſt. *Exeunt Gratiano.*

Come

Come you and I will thi
And in the morning earl
Fly toward *Belmont*, co

En

Por. Enquire the Iey
And let him ſigne it, we
And be a day before ou
This deede will be well

E

Gra. Faire ſir, you ar
My Lord *Baſſanio* vpon
Hath ſent you heere thi
Your company at dinne
Por. That cannot be,
This Ring I do accept n
And ſo I pray you tell h
I pray you ſhew my you
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would ſp
Ile ſee if I can get my h
Which I did make him
Por. Thou maiſt I wa
That they did giue the
But weele out-face the
Away, make haſt, thou
Ner. Come good ſir

Enter

Lor. The Moone ſh
In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet winde

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITIS